
Title: Suite 4

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was to happen to him.
Then someone came into
the tavern and he bolted
out without even saying
Hail. I ran after him and
he led me to Relvinian's
maze where he continued
his speech. I had never
seen a man in such a
state in my life, he was
so on edge, yet so deeply
calm. I could even imagine
myself in his skin for
brief moments as he
explained to me the
nature of his experience
and his dimensional travel
to the earth plane, where
he witnessed some of the
gods embodiments coming
to the gatherings with
more and more rich
apparels as time went by.
At first he told me, he
had thought nothing much
of it because he was
excited to be one of the
lucky few to share a
drink with the gods in
another plane of existence
where everyone was equal.
But then with his magical
insight he soon realised
patterns in the structure
of how those gods ruled
and their styles of life
which was no secret. He
was rambling about how it
was too late, and that he
should have never
mentioned any of this to
lady Jenny. He seemed so
upset at himself that he
felt useless to pursue
talking like this and began
to tell me about what he
learned in life, like a man
who knew he was going

to die. It was hard for me to accept being talked to like this, since I never really had a father or grandfather that was there for me in my youth, but I patiently listened and gave all my attention to his grandiose mind. He made sure I would remember it all and blessed me with a special wordless spell of his which locked those memories in a part of my mind between the subconscious and the conscious, where it was protected against mind probing, but also where it would be inaccessible by me until I was mature enough to understand it. The next day Tiffrie disappeared, one week later we heard that he was found dead in his earth home, victim to a strange and sudden illness. We knew he was elderly and unable to walk much anymore, but he had not the presence of mind of a dying man, he was quick and witty, and I refused to accept the news. To compound it all no forensic evaluation was made on his body since he was assumed to have died of old age. This angered me more than I thought I ever could. Soon after the gods would come to the AMT and transfer the stone and ALL allegiances of their members to the man named Virul Lord. This seemed a bit precipitated, there was not even a memorial done for Tiffrie, not only that Virul Lord was only ONE of the highest ranking members, and everyone knew I was Tiffrie's personal apprentice. But I was

dismissed offhand like a
kid would have been, and
it proceeded even if I
was objectioning outloud.
Things would happen so
fast sometimes back then
, you were kind of
hypnotised and it was
easy to accept some
people had personal
dealings with the gods
and had privileges you
were powerless about,
thats the nature of
beleifs and why I warn
thee against it. Tifftric,
had taught me well, I was
wise and kept my
distance from those shady
men, I tried to eat my
own anger, but the
eternal flame was
scorching my insides and
it would have not even
have pleasure for a while.
I was literally stimulating
my own pleasure to
forget about my great
responsibility, and
stimulating myself again
to numb myself about the
infinite possibilities of
using that power for
myself. For me this was
the only form of balance
conceivable, as I was
always like each of you
Avatars, pulled back in an
earth dream while trying
to maintain continuity
somewhere. Thats deep ?
Thank you, but if you
read it again you will see
it has nothing to do with
the actual knowledge
itself, if thats what you
are looking for then you
will be lost anyways,
because after all how can
you go after something
that you don't know
where it came from in
the first place ! An
Ultima Entity that makes